

New York Tribune

First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements

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characterize the present head of the Interior it could hardly fail to prove a great national enterprise.

Christmas in France

Christmas is children's day above all else. Every American grown-up has his flock, his own, his family's or his friends, with whom he will celebrate. For American children the day means this year more happiness, more cheer, more toys, more candy than in a long row of Decembers. A merry Christmas, indeed. But what of the children of France; what, especially, of the million fatherless boys and girls to whom peace cannot restore what the war has taken away? To much of France peace means increased hardship. The hundreds of thousands of prisoners that are returning from Germany bring sickness and wasted bodies for overwhelmed families to care for. Christmas, 1918, will be gayer for all France than its four predecessors. But it will not mean more food for orphans—to say nothing of more candy and toys.

So we ask every Tribune reader, in the fullness of his Christmas heart, to add a French child to his flock of cherished little friends. The need there is not for Christmas gifts, but for plain sustenance. The organization known as the Fatherless Children of France offers a direct channel by which you can reach and help and know a French child whose father has lost his life in the war. Ten cents keeps a child one day in its mother's home; \$3 keeps a child one month in its mother's home; \$36.50 keeps a child one year in its mother's home. Of the money thus subscribed not one cent goes to organization expenses—the entire amount goes direct to the mother of the child. With the first instalment of your money goes a letter from the Paris committee explaining the friendship which has prompted the gift and enabling the child or its mother to write and thank the "donor" in America.

Now is the time of all others to begin this friendship with a French child—in your own name or for your own child. But it is in the years to come that the full flower will bloom. Ten or twenty years hence think what it will mean to France and to America that there will be coming to manhood and womanhood these loyal friends of ours, who learned their affection for our country in childish gratitude and friendship! What closer bond could knit two countries together?

Over 100,000 French children have been thus helped by American friends. The City of New York is behind in its quota, but we are confident this tardiness needs only to be stated to be ended. The New York treasurer of the Fatherless Children of France is Alexander J. Hemphill, of 140 Broadway, and to him your check should be sent. You can pay your subscription by year, quarter or month. Begin your French Christmas now.

The Contrast

As the armies of the Allies march into Germany they cannot help but remember what they have left behind them in France. The scenes of desolation wrought by the Hun come vividly before their eyes. The ruined churches, the stricken homes, the devastated fields—these remain poignantly in their thoughts. And then they see about them a land untouched by war, where folk eat, drink and are merry. Perhaps life does not go on quite the same as it did in former days; but the difference is not startling. By all accounts the Germans show few signs of suffering. They go to the theatres, they fill the restaurants, they live comfortably, if not happily. Some privations they may have endured, but they bear few marks of these. They greet the invaders sullenly, but the old arrogance of the days of peace has not departed from them. When General von Einem speaks of the victorious returning German soldiers he finds many credulous believers.

"Look here, upon this picture, and on this." Think what the Hun has done in France and in Belgium! What must these French and Belgian soldiers who have had all that makes life dear swept away from them feel when they see their brutal oppressors thus exempt from all they have endured? It is not surprising that their advent was dreaded by their defeated enemies. Had the Germans been marching into France after Frenchmen had ravished all the lands to the Rhine, it is easy to imagine what they would have done. To imagine Frenchmen giving them cause for a terrible retaliation is more difficult. The dishonor of making war like savages belongs to a single nation. But most of us impute to others our own failings. The Germans are no doubt relieved of a great terror by the civilized behavior of the Allies, but it is unlikely that they understand it.

An Englishman who visited a German internment camp in England said to one of the prisoners: "Why, you are better fed than I am." "Of course," was the reply; "you English are afraid of us." That expresses the whole German attitude. Of the deencies of life the German has no understanding. He can conceive of no motive for humane conduct but a base one. He knows what he would do if he had the chance. Just now he is restrained by a wholesome regard for the consequences. He realizes that these soldiers of the enemy have the power to compel obedience. But he has not changed his spots. The French know this; so do the Belgians; so, in a way, do the English. They will not take a sordid vengeance upon those who are helpless to resist, no matter how they hate and loathe them. But there must be a peculiar bitterness in the reflection that they who have inflicted the worst horrors of war upon others are themselves escaping unharmed. The Americans have not had these horrors brought

home to them in the same way. But they ought not for that reason to allow any compunctious visitings of nature to soften their hearts. They ought not to be moved by the hypocritical whinings of the baffled and beaten Huns. The pacifists at home may prate about pity, but the men in uniform should show themselves to be of sterner stuff. From stricken France into unravished Germany—how can the contrast fail to awaken a noble rage in every generous heart?

Peace With Subways

For the sake of the strap-hanger and the taxpayer, hostilities between the Public Service Commission and the Board of Estimate should at once be terminated by an armistice, to be followed, after negotiation, by permanent peace. Acrid discussion between Commissioner Whitney and Controller Craig in the newspapers should be superseded by courteous conference around a table to straighten out differences and get the work on the dual system prosecuted.

The Public Service Commission, having now complied with the requirements of the Board of Estimate by presenting a detailed budget of its working expenses for 1919, and also a list of the contracts which it proposes to make in 1919, with estimates of their cost, arranged in order of urgency, the Board of Estimate will serve the city if it makes a prompt appropriation of funds that will allow the commission to recruit its force, which was depleted during the war, and to let, with the minimum of delay, the contracts necessary for getting the full use of those lines now nearly completed.

While conserving carefully the city's credit, the Board of Estimate can apportion for rapid transit construction funds enough to permit quick completion of the work on which both bodies concur, and open-minded consideration should bring agreement as to the soundest policy to adopt respecting the doubtful cases.

An Aerial Triumph

Above all question of speculation, prophecy or imagination, the Navy Department chronicles perhaps the greatest achievement in the recent history of the aeroplane. One of the newest type seaplanes, the giant NC-1, on a flight last Thursday at Far Rockaway carried a total of fifty persons. No special modifications were made in the machine for this purpose. It was done simply to demonstrate the tremendous lifting power of this newest seaplane. It is intended for bombing.

The new machine carries three Liberty motors, developing 1,200 horsepower and giving this enormous craft a cruising speed of eighty miles an hour. The machine, unloaded, weighs six and a half tons and has a gross lifting power of eleven tons. That is, it will carry four and a half tons of passengers or freight. And it is an American-built and American-designed machine.

The fuel consumption of this monster craft, with its 126 feet spread of wing, is not given. Therefore, it is not yet possible to consider how far this new seaplane will satisfy the conditions for transatlantic flight. At eighty miles an hour, for a flight from, say, Halifax to Bristol Bay, the machine would have to be prepared to maintain itself in the air for well over twenty-four hours. But something over four tons of fuel ought to be equal to this requirement. What we know definitely is that in the Liberty motor we have the best aero engine that has yet been built for this purpose, and if the problem is mechanically soluble this country ought to be able to solve it. And, possibly, at a rather near date. The detailed figures as to the performance of this machine no doubt will soon be made public. They may indicate that a journey across the Atlantic by airplane is much nearer realization than most practical minded folks had believed.

Woman vs. Bolshevism

About the most striking feature of women as they take their place in political life is an innate and natural antipathy to Bolshevism. The Battalion of Death set the example by fighting Lenin and Trotsky. Mme. Brezhnevskaya, "Grandmother of the Russian Revolution," refused to follow the red flag when it became stained with the new tyranny of the Bolsheviki.

In England the leaders of the woman's movement displayed great patriotism and a vision. They abandoned their fight for the vote promptly and transferred all their great ability and influence to the organizing of the nation against the German. Mrs. Pankhurst and her daughter fought vigorously the whole pacifist-Bolshevik movement in all its forms.

Here in America our women, too, have been jealous and sure in their patriotism, in war spirit, in opposition to the disintegrating forces of red-handed radicalism. Now comes the Women's National Committee of the American Defence Society with a stirring call to women to fight the red flag and all its works.

Is it too soon to generalize concerning the masses of women? Perhaps. Yet, have we not always known which was the more practical, common-sense sex?

A Woman Won the War?

A woman, no less a personage than Miss Christabel Pankhurst, is credited with the idea of unified command, which, under General Foch, proved the foundation stone of Allied success against the armies of the Hun. Premier Lloyd George, among the first to appreciate the value of the suggestion offered by the suffragist leader, is said to have promised that Miss Pankhurst will be given official recognition at the proper time. This is not the first time an idea born in the brain of woman has gotten man out of a bad tangle.

SHOES & SHIPS & SEALING WAX

SONG

TWAS spring upon the uplands  
When my laddie said goodby  
And, oh, the earth slept pleasantly  
Beneath a smiling sky.  
The bloodroot by the river bloomed  
And young leaves clothed the trees  
And all the woods were blossoming  
With white anemones.  
The folk that passed by told me  
The world was very fair  
But yet my heart seemed cold and bleak  
And snow lay heavy there.

The ice had clothed the river  
When my lad came back to me,  
His dear bright face burned thin and brown  
By wind on land and sea.  
The wind sang high and bitterly  
About my cottage eaves;  
And driving snowflakes hissed upon  
The piles of russet leaves.  
Held tight within a frigid hand  
The world was stark and dumb,  
But deep within my heart of hearts  
I knew that spring had come.

Rain spoiled the "red" demonstration  
in Central Park; blood and booze being  
the mildest fluids with which a true  
Bolshevik will maintain acquaintance.

WOMAN'S PLACE

DRESSMAKING—I have moved my Dressmaking  
Parlor to my home on Main street. Mrs. E. W.  
Gruber, nee Mrs. Penn.—Tribune (Fla.) Advocate.

BACK HOME STUFF

"Cheedy" Funk

"Cheedy" Funk lived with the Allman family in the double brick house on Front Street. He was a cornet player, and in the summer he travelled up and down the river with Price's Floating Opera. He had been all the way to New Orleans.

People used to line the river bank along the public square every summer to watch the showboat, towed by the Maybelle Hope, land below the wharfboat.

There was always a parade at noon, and "Cheedy" Funk would march in uniform, seemingly very much embarrassed and not looking to the right or left. In the afternoon "Cheedy" would drop into Shott's Smoke Shop and meet all the people in town. At night he played in the orchestra for the show.

People back home always knew it was spring when "Cheedy" Funk would quit his job as carver at the furniture factory and go to Parkersburg to join the showboat.

"Cheedy" was very modest and never talked much about his travels. Small boys were proud to know him, and used to collect around him wherever he was. He was a big man, with apple-red cheeks and blond hair.

People around town used to say that "Cheedy" was married to a trapeze performer with the show, known as Mlle. Zuckko, Queen of the Air, but she never came back home except with the floating opera. There was always something of a mystery about "Cheedy" Funk. When he worked during the winter at the factory he kept away from all the other men.

Elza Whitley, who worked in the post-office, told that "Cheedy" Funk sent money orders to a different city every week. "Cheedy" was taken ill in Cairo, Ill., while out tramping and became paralyzed, and the last folks heard of him back home he was on a poor farm. OOM.

RATTLING THE SKELETON

What is to become of your French baby?—  
The Washington Post.

THE KAISER'S CELLMATE

Dear F. F. V.: Considering your suggestion for the cellmate of W. Hohenzollern, can we not find another in the person who says: "We turned the tide"? There is a back action in that sentence which would make any one who thinks and feels afraid to use it and beware of the tragic implication in it. If we could, and did, "turn the tide," why did we wait so long before we thought it worth while? M. H. S.

"I see by the 'Evening Telegram,' says Uncle Abimelech Bogardus, of Preckness, N. J., 'that Mr. Wilson was hailed as an apostle' in Brest, and I can't help think' what a disappointment this will be to his faithful followers.' F. F. V.

The Hearst Slime

To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: Yesterday I returned from France on the Tenadores. As we steamed into the harbor I was unable to go on deck, but the sound of the whistles and the bands came down to me. It was very good to be home again. Now I have finished my morning paper and I find that it has been decided to personify this welcome of New York's and America's in a committee. And the head of this committee is to be William Randolph Hearst.

The members of the A. E. F., think a great deal of the homecoming. It becomes one of the greatest events in their lives. In all the hardships of the field and the weary hospital days it has been steadily in their minds. When it finally arrives the cheers and noise of their welcome flood through them; the finest feeling of which they are capable swells up almost to overflowing. Then on the next day they find out that this welcome is tendered them by William Randolph Hearst, and the memory of the day is covered with slime.

Let us hope that this wicked perversion of the country's feeling will not go on. The returning men "deserve well of the Republic." With Hearst at the head of the committee, their homecoming is converted into a mockery and an insult. W. S. L.

U. S. Deembarkation Hospital No. 2.  
Fox Hills, Staten Island, N. Y.,  
December 12, 1918.



There are several whose names were suggested by friends and, upon their being invited to serve on the committee, declined. It is to be regretted that there are those who always place personal interest and animosity above their patriotism.—Mayor Hylan.

France and Coal

By Frank H. Simonds  
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IN RECENT days there has been frequent reference to the question of the Saar coal districts in the foreign dispatches. The inclusion of a restricted area of German territory within the confines of Alsace-Lorraine in the armistice terms has provoked the suspicion in German quarters that it is the purpose of the French to extend their frontiers beyond the limits of Alsace-Lorraine.

This is, in effect, familiar ground. When the Russian revolutionists began the publication of secret treaties, more than a year ago, it was then asserted that Great Britain and Russia had agreed that France should have, in addition to Alsace-Lorraine, certain limited areas along the Saar River, which were the seat of a flourishing coal industry.

As the question is bound to be debated in the future, it is worth examining it now before the issue can be clouded by propagandist activities. The territory involved is rather less than that occupied by the City of New York. It came to France as a portion of the province of Lorraine in the reign of Louis XV, not by conquest, but by international agreement, which gave a Polish king the province of Lorraine for his lifetime in return for renouncing the Polish crown. At his death Lorraine passed, by agreement, to France.

In fact, Lorraine had been French long before this time, but with the death of Stanislas French frontiers were legally extended to and beyond the Saar River below Saarbrücken. Saarbrücken, the birthplace of Marshal Ney, was the important fortress in this district. At the moment of the French Revolution France thus held a considerable area across the Saar.

When Napoleon abdicated, in 1814, Prussia, eager to acquire the coal districts of the Saar, succeeded in persuading the victorious nations to take from France and give to her all the regions across the Saar. In 1815, after Waterloo, when a new treaty was written, France had to cede further territory, this time on the west bank of the Saar, and including Saarbrücken.

By these two annexations Prussia deprived France of nearly all the Saar coal region. The next step was to acquire the great iron districts in Lorraine and not far from Metz. This was accomplished after the war of 1871 by the seizure of still another and far more considerable portion of Lorraine, including the French-speaking districts about Metz.

When they drew the new frontier of 1871 the Germans drew it to include all the known iron regions of Lorraine. But after 1871 great iron deposits were discovered just across the French frontier, about the town of Briey. As a consequence, all through that period in the war in which the Germans believed themselves victorious they openly declared their purpose to annex all the Briey iron districts at the close of the war. They occupied them almost at the outbreak of the struggle.

We see, then, a relatively ancient dis-

THE COMMITTEE OF ONE

All of Them

(From The Villager)

IF POPULAR opinion wants the lawyers to knot international law about the Kaiser's wretched neck, well and good; few of us but would heartily concur. And if it were necessary to go further, as of course it would be, and arraign the whole group of Junkers, branches of the Hohenzollern régime, who acted directly to bring about this war, most of us would join the prosecution. But shall we not have to go even further? What are we going to do about Frederick von Bernhardt, Ernst Jaesch, Count zu Reventlow, Paul Rohrbach, Dr. Heinrich Vogt, Hermann Oncken, Otto Tannenbaum, Friedrich Naumann, Adolph Stuebe—the list is too long even to begin of those Germans who unofficially and of their own zeal have for twenty years been preparing the ground for the harvest of 1914. What are we going to do about all these and what are we going to do about the hundreds of thousands of Germans who received their propaganda, who accepted the outwittings of "Greater Germany," the "Orient Library," the "Near East Committee," and found them good? What are we going to do about the League of German Farmers, the Central Union of German Industrialists, the leaders of the Social Democrats and National Liberals as well as of the conservative parties in Germany; what are we going to do about the "Chemist's Volkstimme," the "Rheinische Zeitung," all the list, not of Junker organs, but of Socialist newspapers which supported the war programme; what, in short, are we going to do about the great multitude—individuals, members of political, commercial, literary, journalistic, academic and labor organizations—who lent enthusiastic hands and unanimous approval to the plan which included lacking a way through Belgium; what are we going to do about those who number not thousands but millions, and what finally, since we are seeking the accessories, are we going to do about those free Germans, legally American citizens, who celebrated the sinking of the Lusitania and by their plaudits urged their Fatherland on toward further crimes—what are we going to do about all these? Indict the Kaiser, yes, but let not the effort overshadow the guilt of the German people who supported him.

Unethical Nurses

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Numerous criticisms have reached me regarding the exorbitant charges alleged to have been made by graduate nurses during the recent influenza epidemic. In justice to the thousands of nurses who are guided by professional and ethical standards, the public should be acquainted with certain facts.

I am positive that there was no exploitation by nurses who were secured from hospital registries or from the Central Registry of the New York County Registered Nurses' Association; such action would not be tolerated or condoned.

There are, however, in this city, a number of commercial registries where neither the credentials